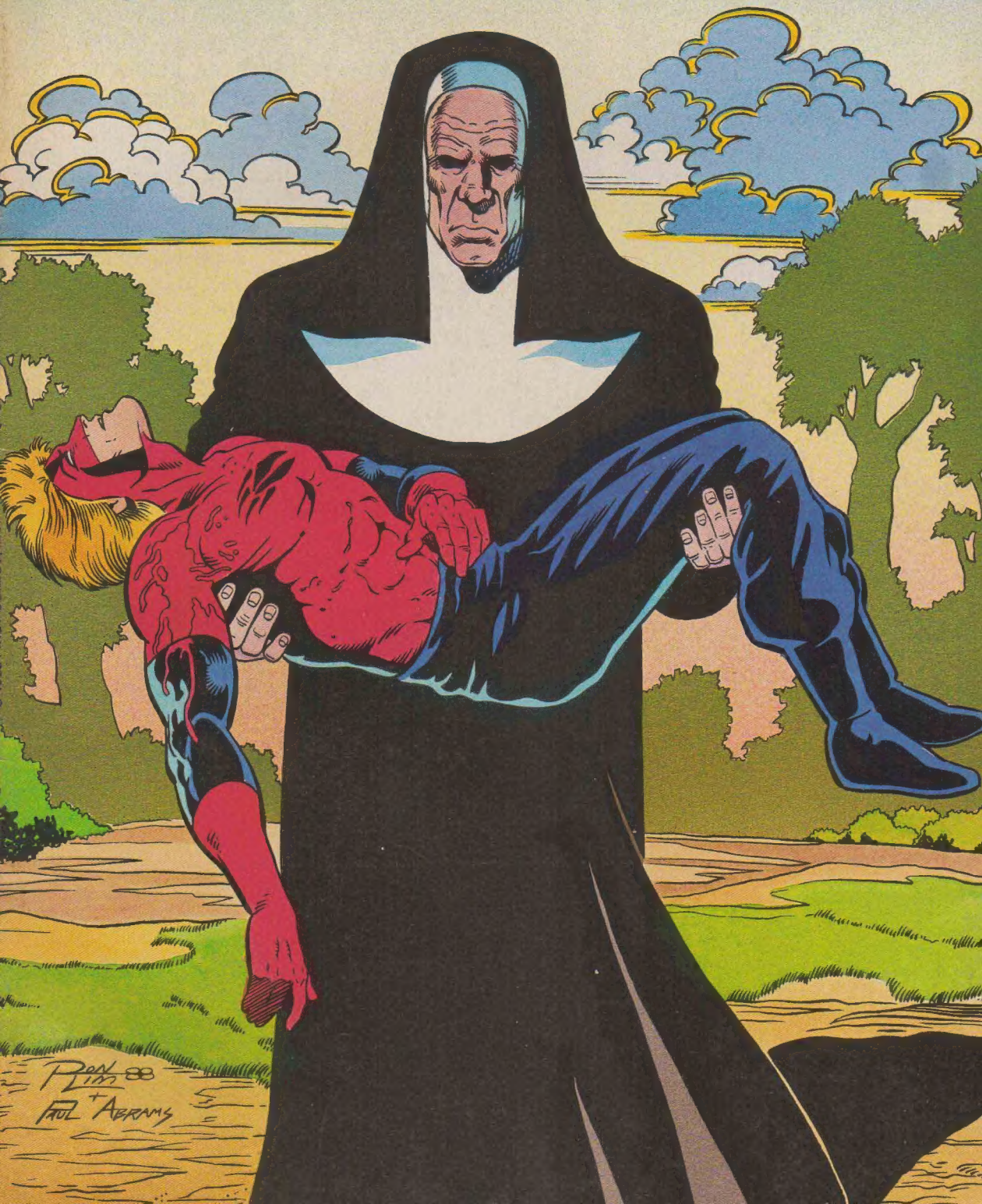
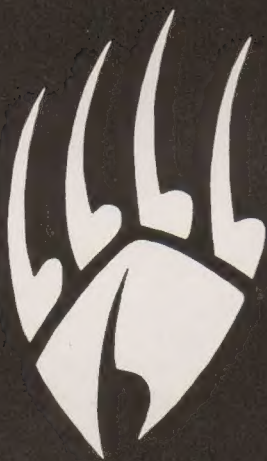


BADGER™



Paul
Abrams

WHO ARE THESE GUYS, ANYWAY?



The Badger is **Norbert Sykes**, a Vietnam veteran suffering from an extremely rare multiple personality disorder: Seven great personalities in one. The personality most frequently inhabited by Norbert, indeed almost *exclusively preferred*, is the Badger, a self-styled crime fighter who rides the highways and by-ways of America, meting out bloody justice to jaywalkers, ticket scalpers, indifferent teenaged fast food clerks, in fact, *any damn body he feels like because he's CRAZY!*

Badger is an expert at hand-to-hand combat. He began his training in Shorin-ryu but has since gone on to master dozens of obscure, esoteric, arcane, not to mention abstruse martial arts, the likes of which you seldom hear about.

He can also talk to the animals — just like Dr. Doolittle, or Lorne Greene. Only Badger gets better results than Lorne Greene.

Badger lives with **Ham the Weather Wizard** in a castle south of Barneveld, Wisconsin. Ham and Badger met while both were inmates at a state mental hospital. Through cunning and chicanery, Ham has amassed a considerable fortune.

Last Issue: Badger helped Sister Twyster, an ex-Nazi transsexual nun, make reparations to S.S. victims, only to be shot by Raaspe, an Arian genetic engineering project bent on getting that dirty Nazi money back.

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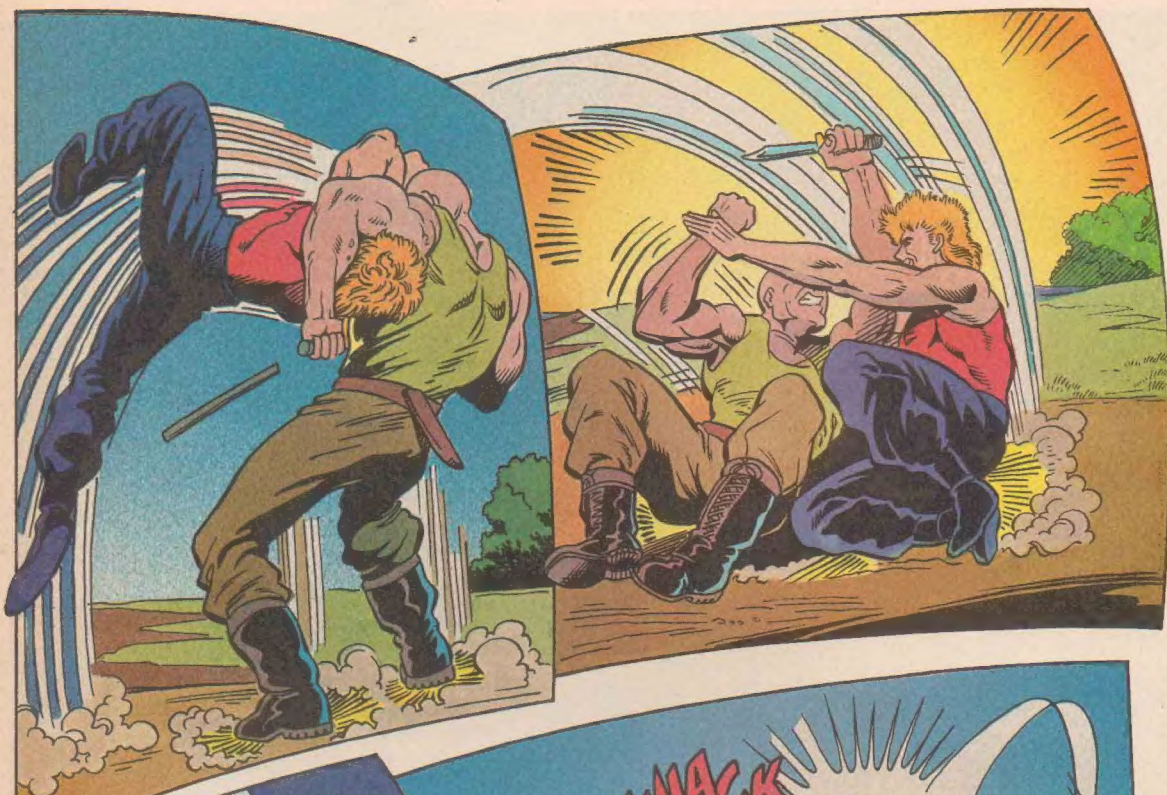
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FINAL JUDGMENT

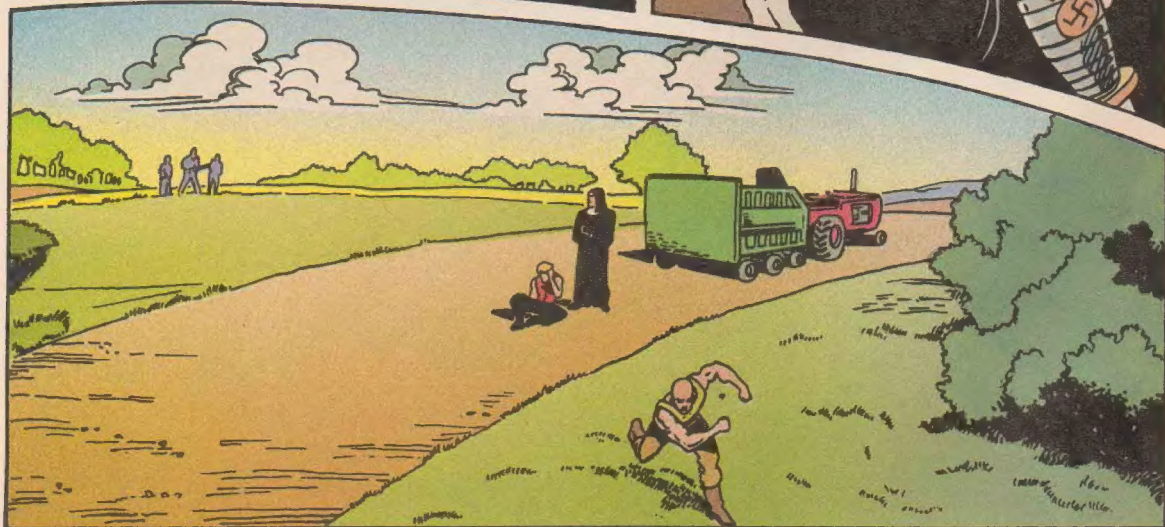
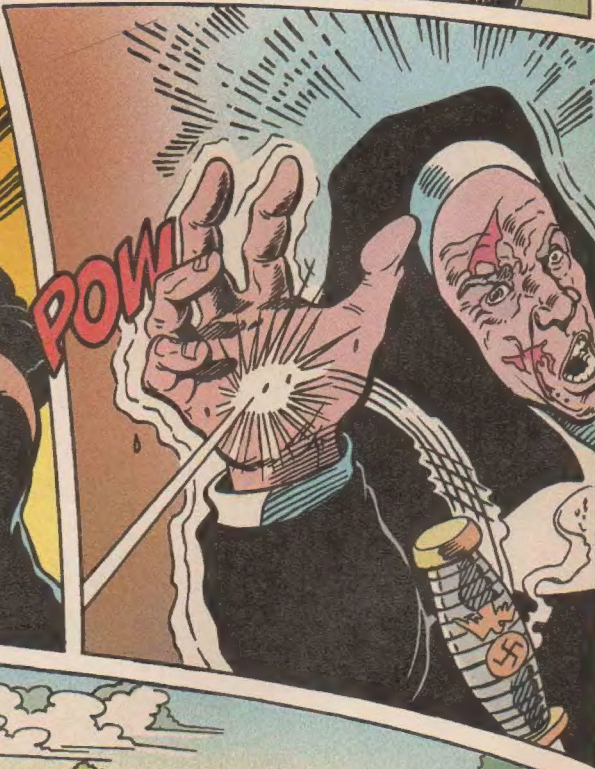
YOU FACE ME
WITH A BULLET HOLE
THROUGH YOUR SHOULDER
... IF I HAD NOT BEEN
SO EXCITED, I WOULD
HAVE SHOT YOU THROUGH
THE HEART. FIRST I
CUT YOUR THROAT, THEN
THE OLD QUEER'S...

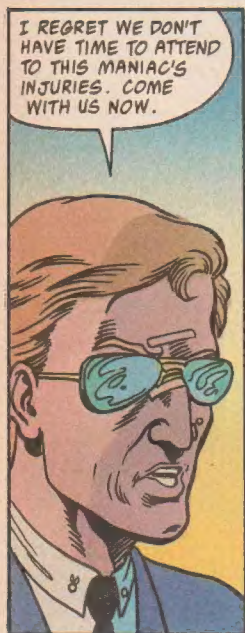
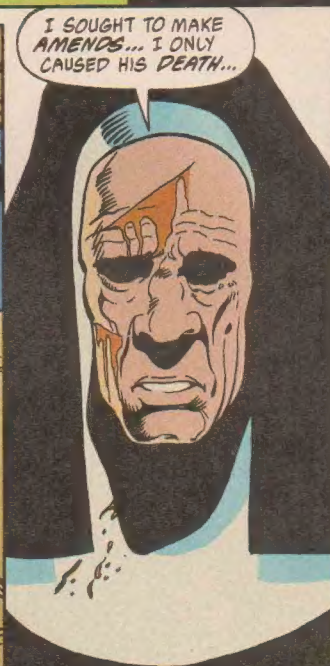
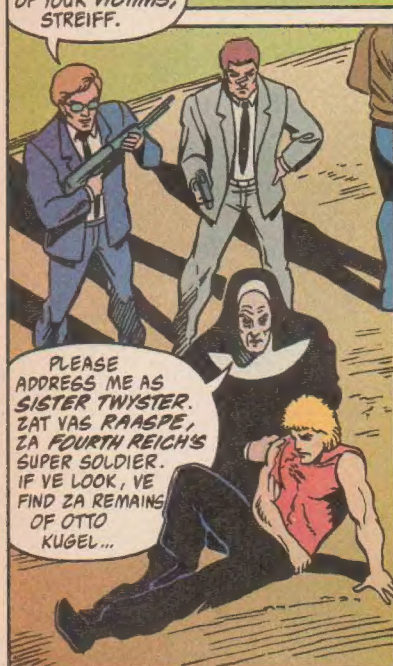
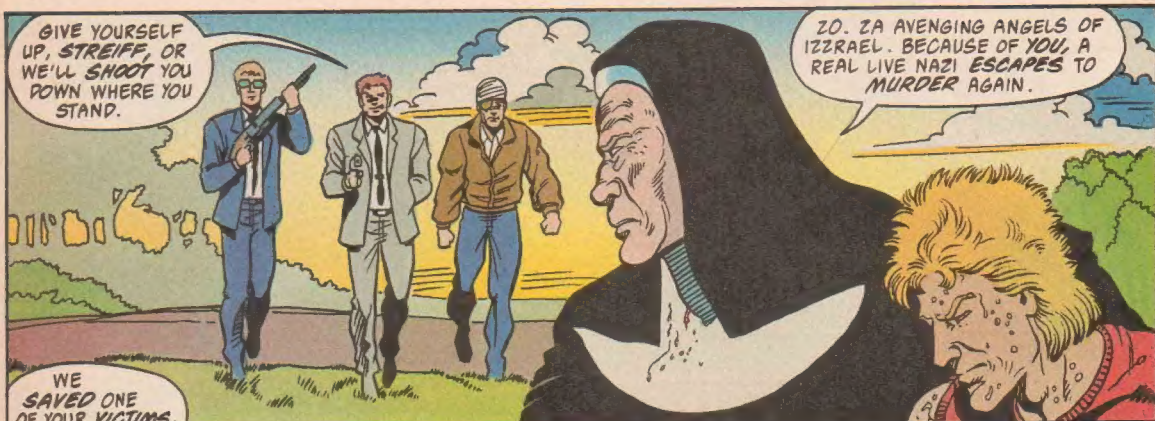
Twisted Sister

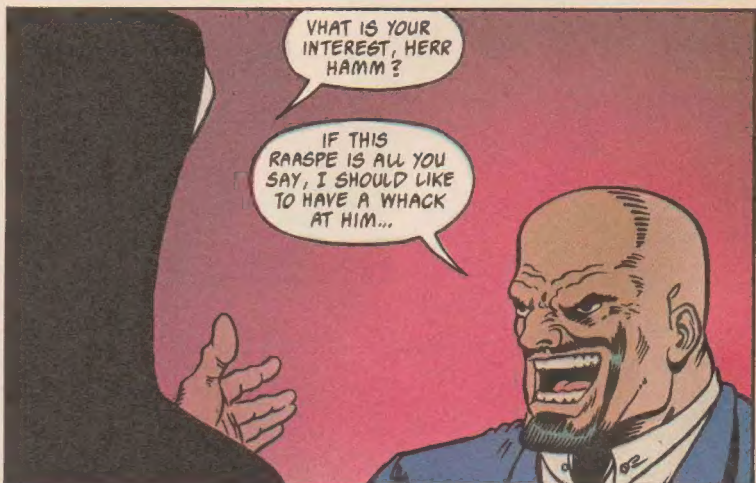
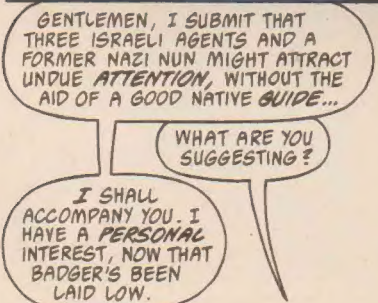
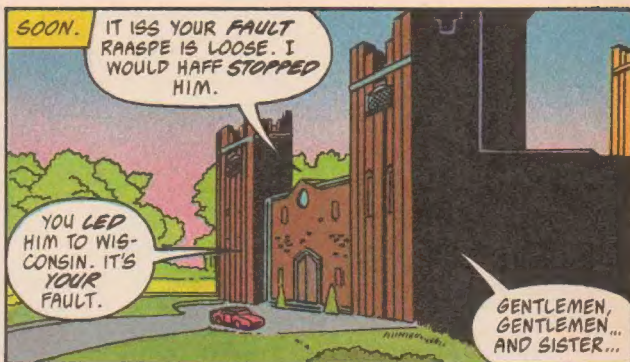
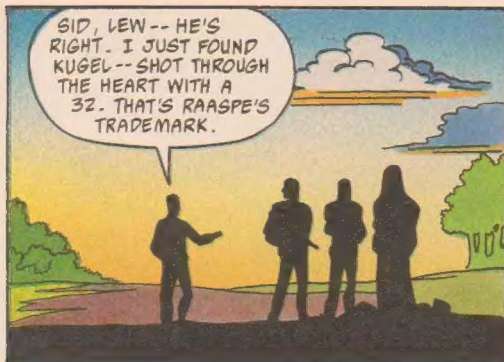
COME ON,
SUPERMAN -- I'LL
SHOVE THAT PIG
STICKER UP YOUR
ASS!













THINK OF IT! THE EXTERMINATION OF THE LAST NAZI SUPERMAN! THAT SHOULD BE GOOD FOR ANOTHER TEN POINTS ON THE OLD MYSTIC RICHTER, EH?

ZO. I GET TO ZEE ZA NECROMANCER AT YORK, JA? IF ZIS MUMBO-JUMBO VORKED, VE YOULD HAFF VUN ZA VAR, NEIN?

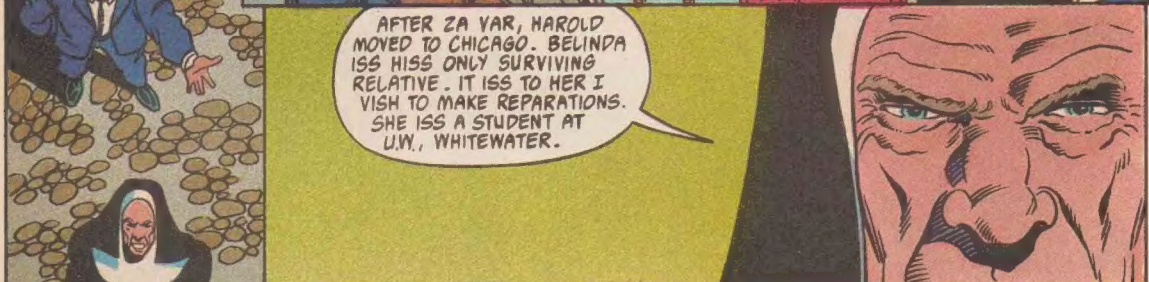


HA! HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WASN'T DRUIDIC MAGIC THAT TURNED THE TIDE IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN?!

HOW WILL WE FIND RAASPE?

ZERE ISS ONE MORE NAME ON MY LIST-- BELINDA BLUM, GRANDDAUGHTER OF MY VICTIM, HAROLD BLUM.

AFTER ZA VAR, HAROLD MOVED TO CHICAGO. BELINDA ISS HISS ONLY SURVIVING RELATIVE. IT ISS TO HER I VISH TO MAKE REPARATIONS. SHE ISS A STUDENT AT U.W., WHITEWATER.



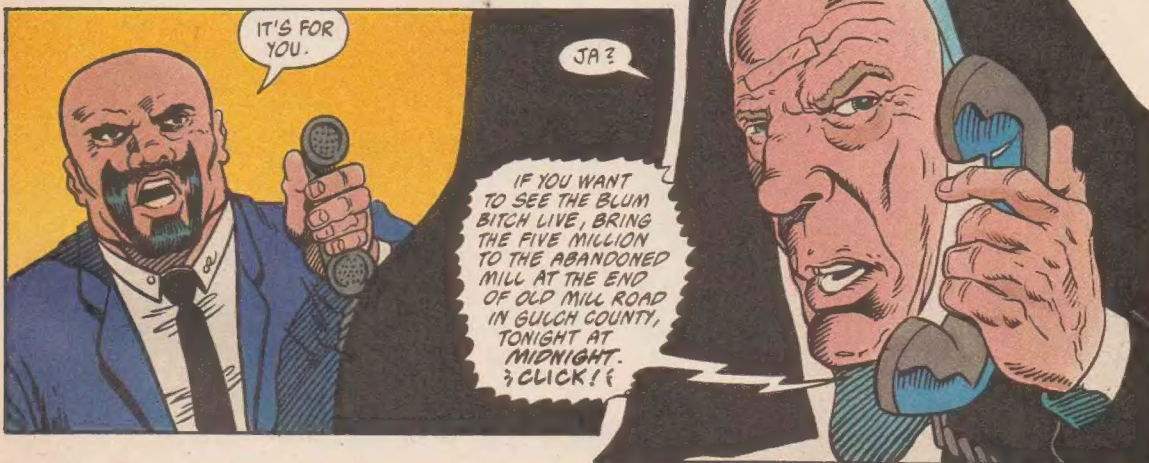
BUT HOW WILL WE FIND RAASPE?

YOU FOOLS! DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?

I WILL NOT EVEN DIGNIFY ZAT VITH AN ANSWER.



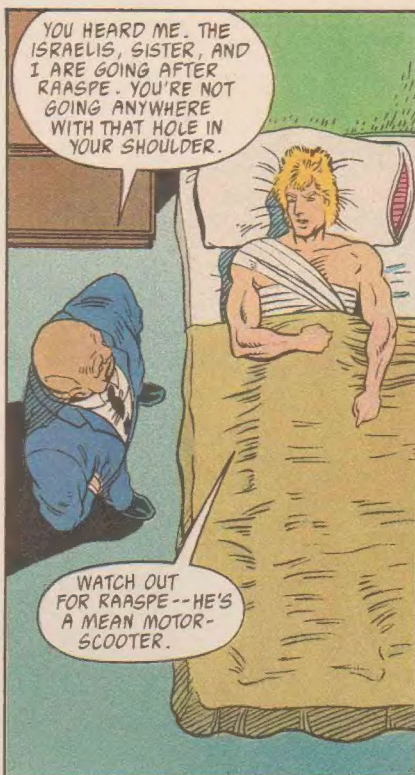
RING RING



IT'S FOR YOU.

JA?

IF YOU WANT TO SEE THE BLUM BITCH LIVE, BRING THE FIVE MILLION TO THE ABANDONED MILL AT THE END OF OLD MILL ROAD IN GULCH COUNTY, TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT. ?CLICK! ?





WE'RE
AN HOUR
EARLY.

ARRAY YOURSELF ABOUT
THE PERIMETER. YOU
KNOW WHAT TO DO.



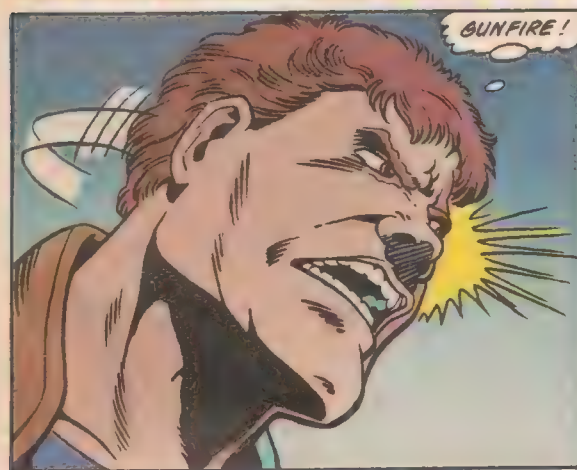
REMEMBER-- IF
STREIFF TRIES TO FLEE
WE'LL GUN HIM DOWN--
AND YOU, TOO, IF YOU
TRY TO INTERFERE.

BAH! DON'T
BOTHER ME WITH
YOUR LUDICROUS
SCENARIOS!



AND NOW,
SISTER TWYSTER, LET
US DEAL WITH THIS
RUDE BRAZILIAN
BULLY BOY...

JA.



FIRST

PERSON SINGULAR

Random Remarks by the Editor

ON EDITING FINE GRAPHIC FICTION

My old colleagues don't understand my new profession.

When I tell them I'm now the managing editor of First Comics, they look at me like I just announced I quit my job to bag groceries

— Comics? *Comic* Books?

or run away to join the circus

—What fun!

or that, tragically, I'm another burnt out victim of this jading age.

— Hey, *great*, eh, that sounds *really* great, a, for you.

Though perhaps I did burn out. As science reporter for United Press International, one of the last news stories I wrote was about how diets

especially that first part.

And when they're not doing that, they're usually drinking in journalist bars, arguing about journalism, and getting into fistfights with other journalists. Journalists also like to discuss the Art of Journalism, though not so much as they like to gossip about fellow journalists, snipe at the work of hack inferiors and praise their journalism gods.

Unlike people in the comic book business.

And so my old colleagues are mystified. They don't understand why anyone would want to leave journalism for any reason, except to

"Journalists like to discuss the Art of Journalism, though not so much as they like to gossip about other journalists, snipe at the work of hack inferiors and praise their journalism gods."

high in soluble fiber — found in beans, for example — might be more cost-effective than drugs in lowering cholesterol levels and preventing heart attacks. I suggested the headline:

**Beans, Beans
They're Good
For Your Heart,
Study Finds**

I was serious. Mostly. But journalists take their journalism a bit more seriously than that. Journalists take journalism a bit more seriously than they take alcohol and cigarettes, and that's pretty damned seriously.

That's because being a journalist *is* the most important thing a person can do.

When they're not forwarding the liberal agenda or undermining U.S. foreign policy, journalists are usually busy being the lynchpins of participatory democracy and watchdogs of the Bill of Rights,

run for political office or under a doctor's orders. They pretty much believe Clark Kent was neglecting his job.

All of which makes it difficult to answer the question

— You edit *comic books*? Just comic books?

Few journalists read comic books; the closest they get is U.S.A. Today. So once we determine I won't be reinterpreting Batman, rethinking Superman or redesigning Spider-Man, I find myself struggling to explain and justify. Shamelessly, I grope for "icons" and "mythos," extolling "the unexplored possibilities of the art form" told through "graphic storytelling" for "adult audiences."

But then I think: what crap.

So now when my old colleagues ask

— You edit *comic books*? Just comic books?

I answer

— No, I edit *really cool* comic books.

— Larry Doyle

FIRST IN JULY

Lone Wolf and Cub #15: By Kazuo Kolke and Goseki Kojima. Cover painting by Bill Sienkiewicz.

Badger #41: By Mike Baron and Ron Lim.

Evangeline #10: By Charles Dixon, John Statema, and Ricardo Villagran.

Nexus #50: Special double-sized 50th anniversary issue! **Crossroads** tie-in. By Mike Baron and Steve Rude.

Dreadstar #39: **Crossroads** tie-in. By Jim Starlin and Angel Medina.

Grimjack #52: **Crossroads** tie-in. By John Ostrander and Tom Mandrake.

Whisper #18: By Steven Grant and Spyder.

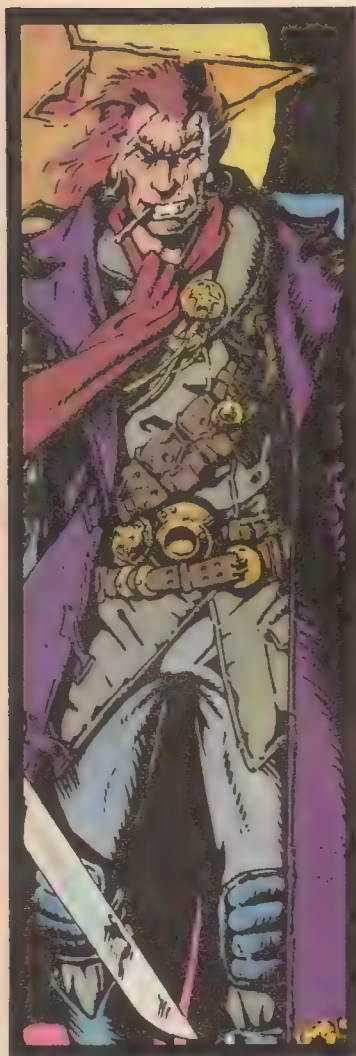
Howard Chaykin's American Flagg! #7: By Chaykin et al. Reader discretion advised.

Crossroads #5: Nexus is after Dreadstar, with Grimjack caught in the middle! By Mike Baron, Luke McDonnell and Val Mayerik.

Chronicles of Corum #12: By Mark Shalblum, Jill Thompson, and Kelley Jones.

Sable #9: By Marv Wolfman, Bill Jaaska, and Doug Hazlewood.

Not just another pretty face



It's not John Gaunt, but it is Grimjack.

GRIMJACK

No 55

On sale in October from

FIRST
COMICS

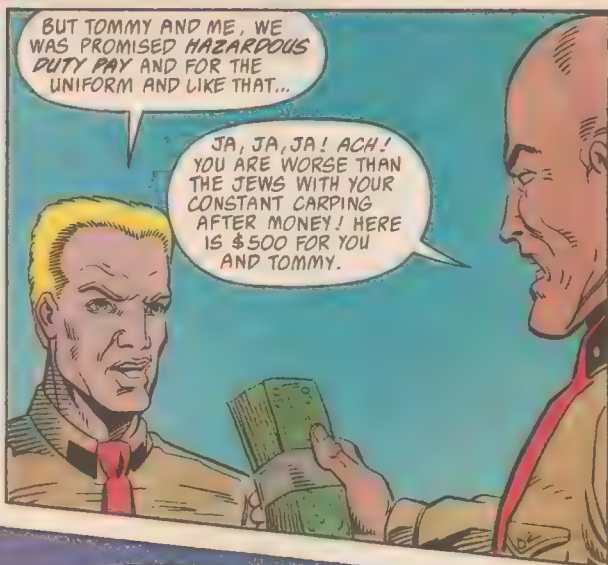
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TWO MOSSAD AGENTS--SIEGEL AND JANKOWITZ.

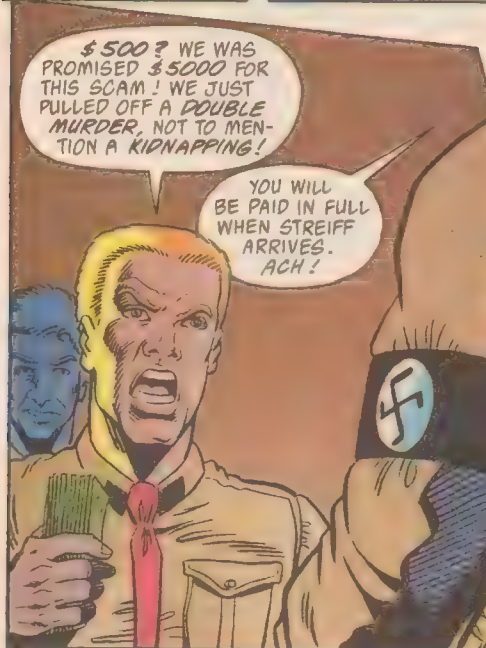
THEY CROW ABOUT THEIR SECRET POLICE BUT THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR PROPERLY MOTIVATED NATIONAL SOCIALIST SOLDIERS.

YEAH, MAJOR, SIR, I HATE TO BOTHER YOU...



BUT TOMMY AND ME, WE WAS PROMISED HAZARDOUS DUTY PAY AND FOR THE UNIFORM AND LIKE THAT...

JA, JA, JA! ACH! YOU ARE WORSE THAN THE JEWS WITH YOUR CONSTANT CARPING AFTER MONEY! HERE IS \$500 FOR YOU AND TOMMY.

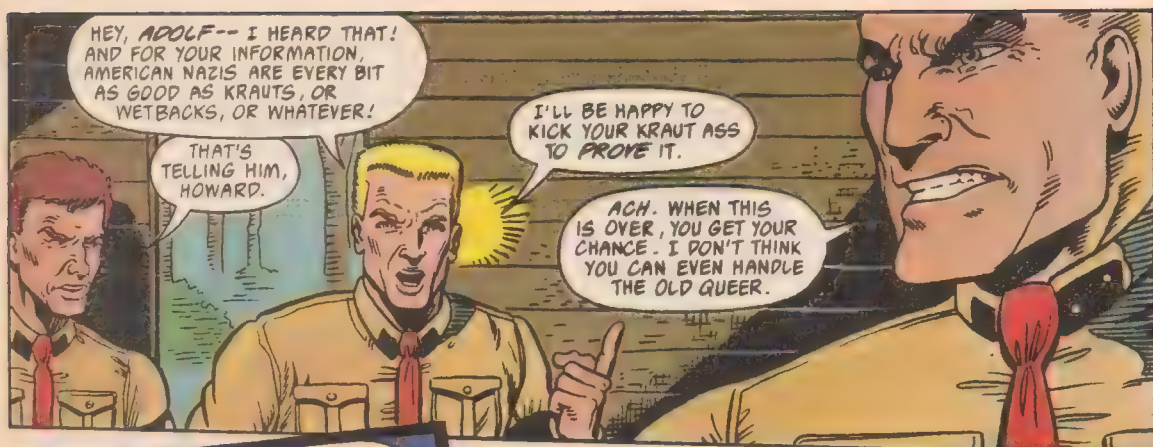


\$500? WE WAS PROMISED \$5000 FOR THIS SCAM! WE JUST PULLED OFF A DOUBLE MURDER, NOT TO MENTION A KIDNAPPING!

YOU WILL BE PAID IN FULL WHEN STREIFF ARRIVES. ACH!



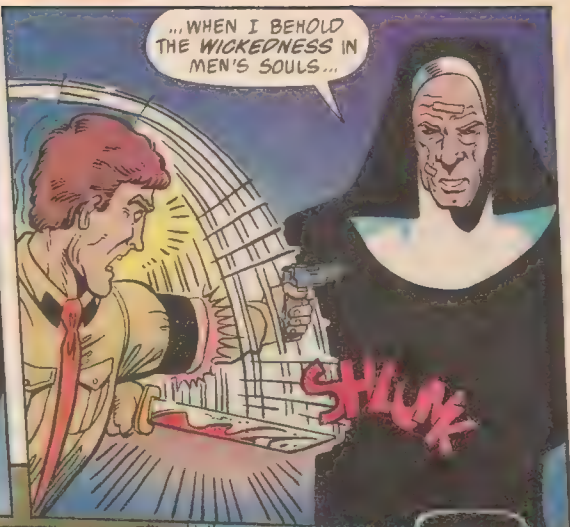
THESE AMERICAN NAZIS DON'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR THE WORK. AT LEAST I HAVE GRUBER-- HE DOESN'T PISS AND MOAN AT EVERY LITTLE JOB!





FREEZE!

MY
HEART
FREEZES...



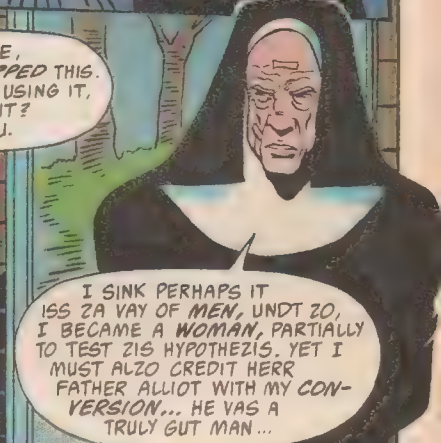
...WHEN I BEHOLD
THE WICKEDNESS IN
MEN'S SOULS...

SHUNK

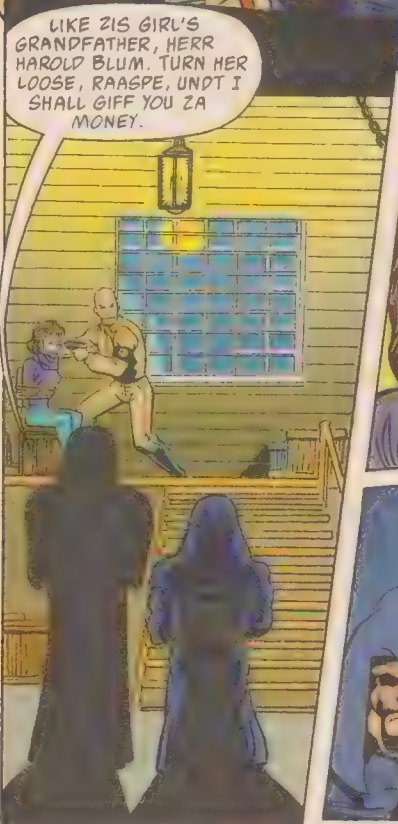


YAH!

EXCUSE ME,
SIR, YOU DROPPED THIS.
IF YOU AREN'T USING IT,
MAY I HAVE IT?
THANK YOU.



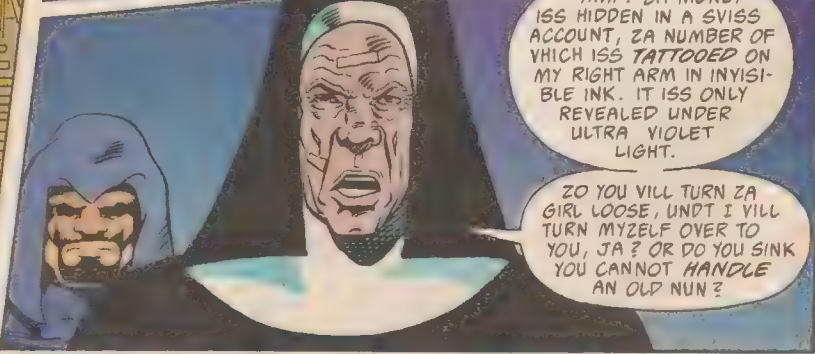
I SINK PERHAPS IT
ISS ZA VAY OF MEN, UNDT ZO,
I BECAME A WOMAN, PARTIALLY
TO TEST ZIS HYPOTHEZIS. YET I
MUST ALZO CREDIT HERR
FATHER ALLIOT WITH MY CON-
VERSION... HE VAS A
TRULY GUT MAN...



LIKE ZIS GIRL'S
GRANDFATHER, HERR
HAROLD BLUM, TURN HER
LOOSE, RAASPE, UNDT I
SHALL GIFF YOU ZA
MONEY.

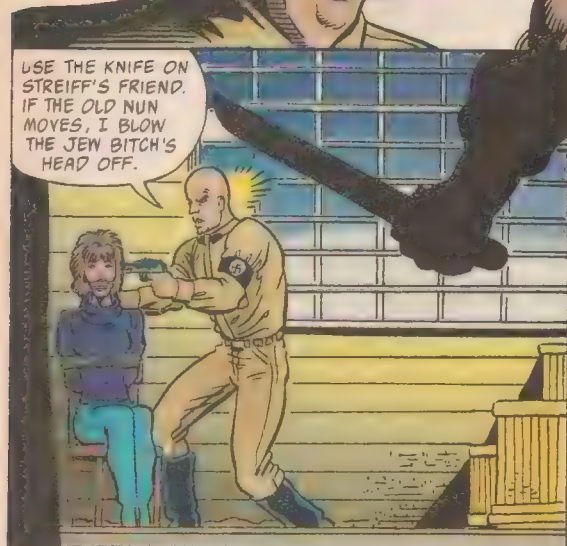


FIRST
THE MONEY!
THEN I TURN
HER LOOSE!



HMF. ZA MONEY
ISS HIDDEN IN A SWISS
ACCOUNT, ZA NUMBER OF
WHICH ISS TATTOOED ON
MY RIGHT ARM IN INVISI-
BLE INK. IT ISS ONLY
REVEALED UNDER
ULTRA VIOLET
LIGHT.

ZO YOU VILL TURN ZA
GIRL LOOSE, UNDT I VILL
TURN MYSELF OVER TO
YOU, JA? OR DO YOU SINK
YOU CANNOT HANDLE
AN OLD NUN?





YES...THERE WAS A TIME YOUR BLOW WOULD NOT HAVE AFFECTED ME AT ALL. BUT I HAVE GIVEN AWAY MUCH AND LOST MORE.

SO IT AFFECTS US EQUALLY. HOW DO YOU SUFFER PAIN, HERR GRUBER? CAN YOU MATCH ME CUT FOR CUT?

BLACK MAGIC!

THROW THE KNIFE AWAY, YOU SUPERSTITIOUS OLD FOOL! HE'S ONLY AN OLD GYPSY!



I DO NOT NEED
A KNIFE TO KILL
A GYPSY!

I'M NOT
A GYPSY, ALTHOUGH
I THANK YOU FOR
THE COMPLIMENT.



AND YOU, HERR
GRUBER, YOU ARE A GEN-
UINE NAZI. THEY ARE REALLY
QUITE A BIT LESS COMMON
THAN MOST PEOPLE
IMAGINE.

OH, YES,
PLENTY OF DUMB RED-
NECKS AND BIGOTS, BUT
NOT YOUR TRUE, PURE-
BRED GERMAN NAZI! GO
AHEAD-- TAKE MY EYE,
HERR GRUBER!

POP

WWIII

BEGINS IN SEPTEMBER

TEAM *Yankee*TM



six weekly issues
coming in September

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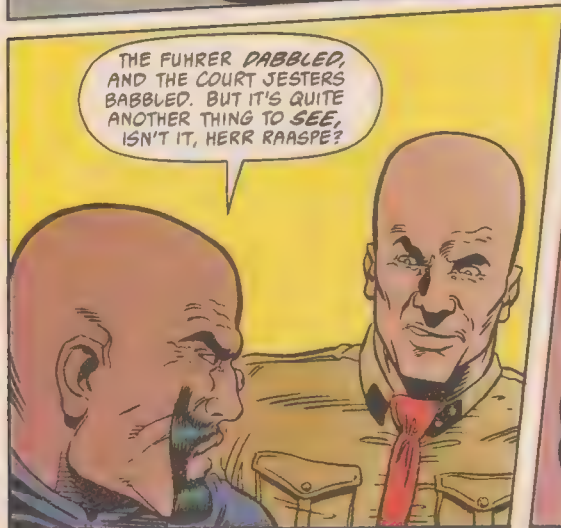
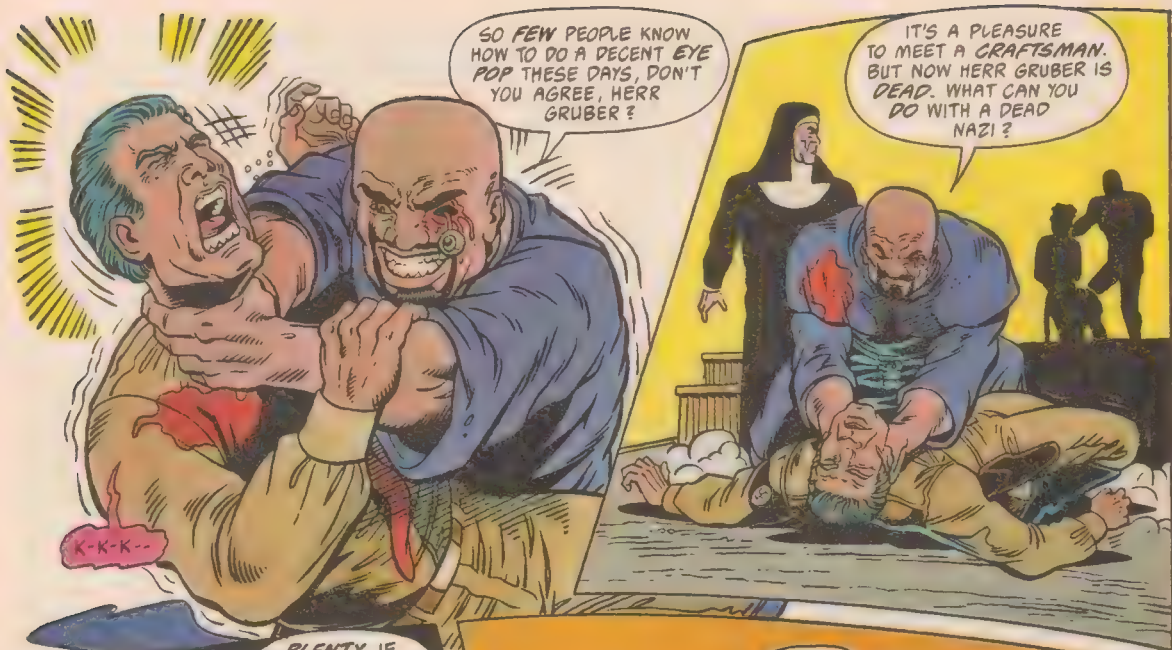
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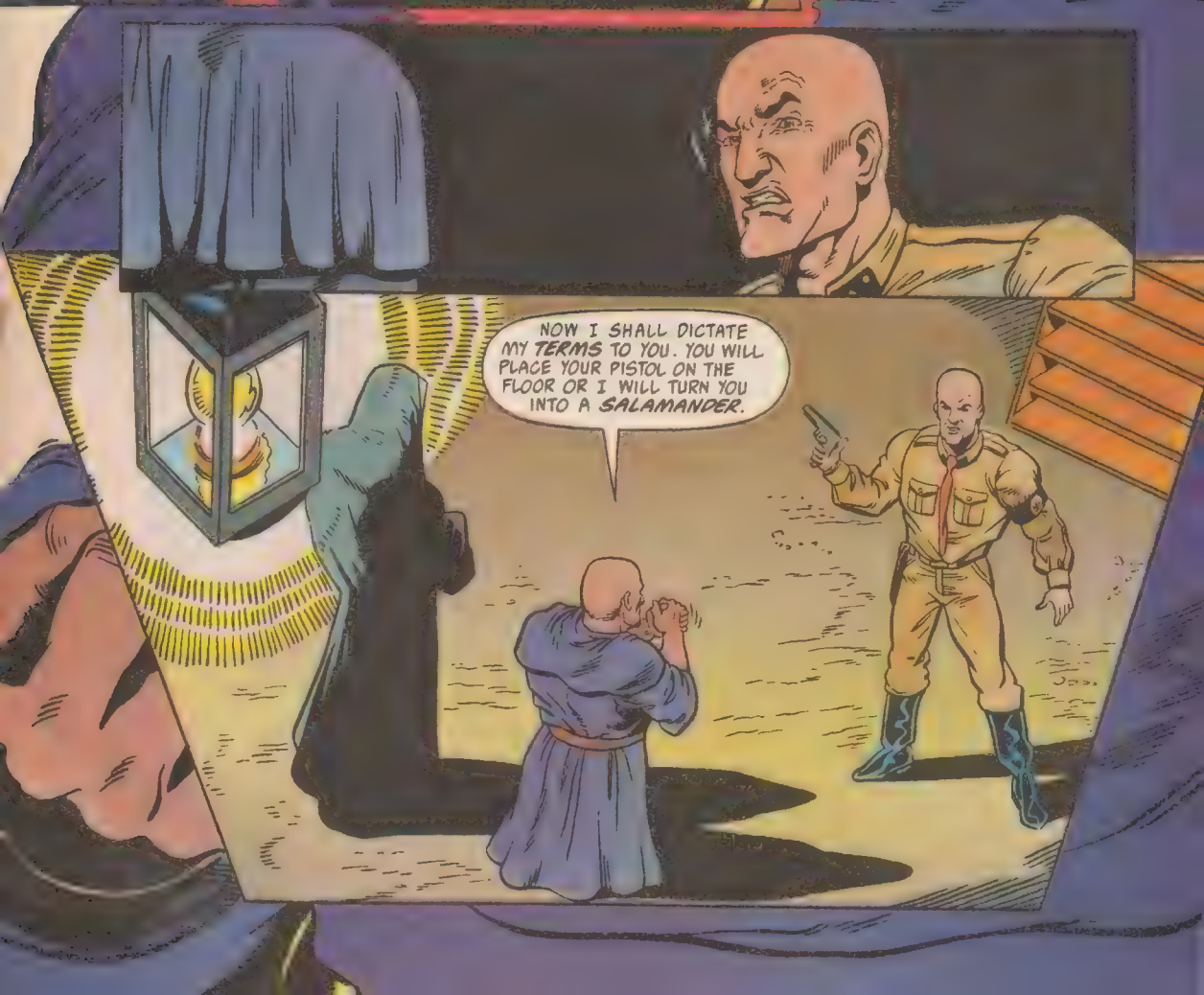
Who will be
the next
NEXUS™

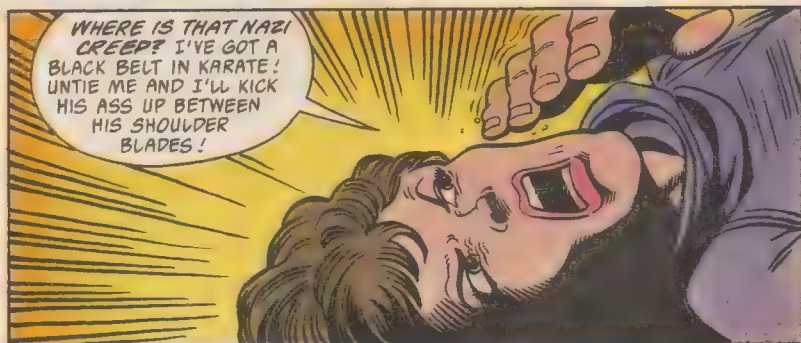
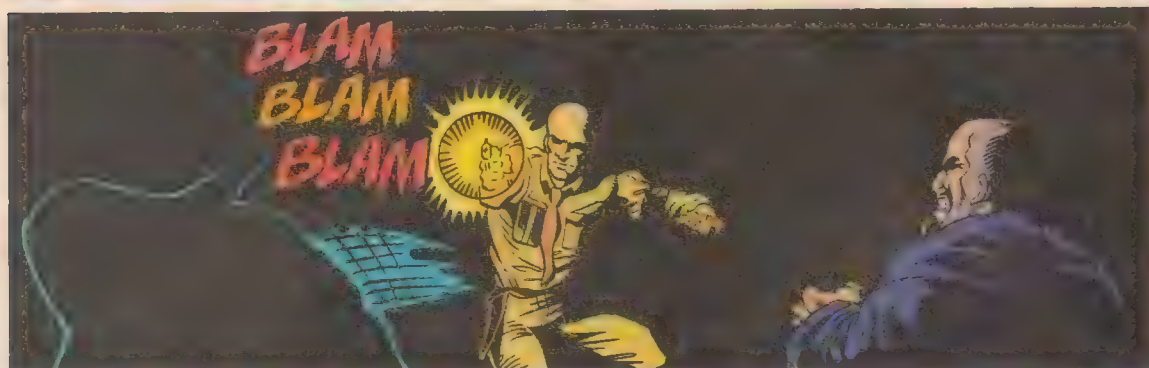
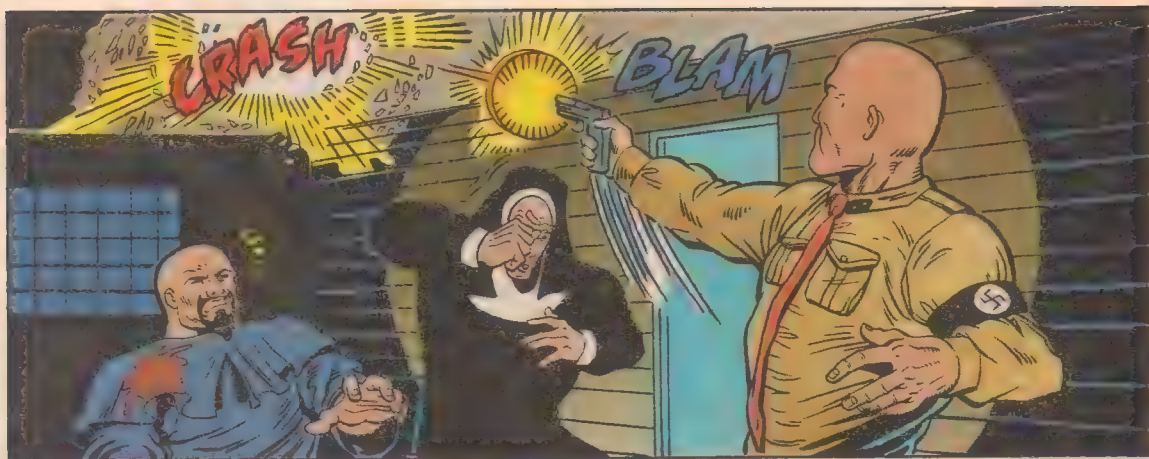
A four-issue
Nexus mini-series
by Nexus creators
Mike Baron and
Steve Rude

Beginning in September from

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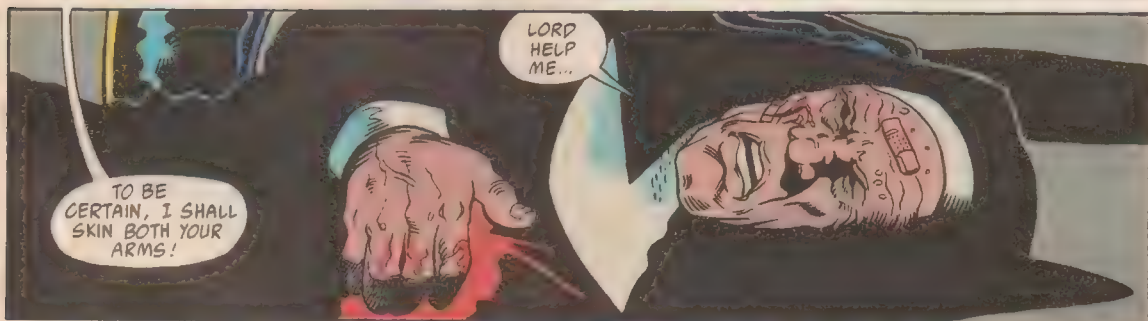
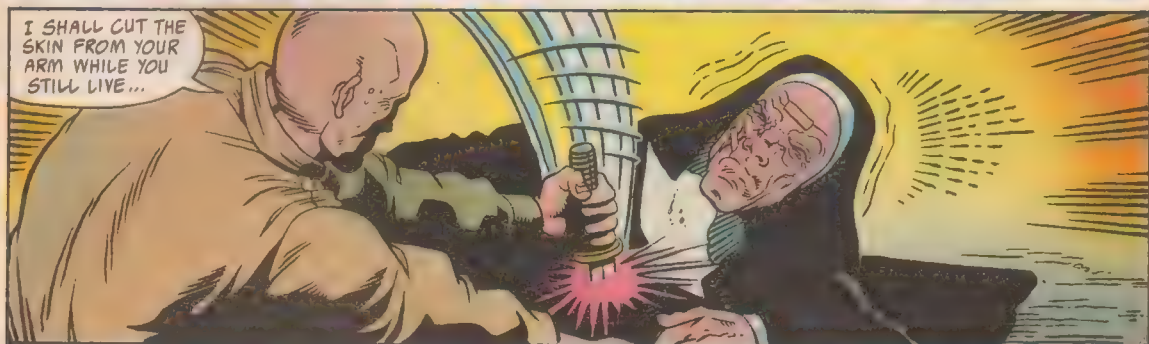
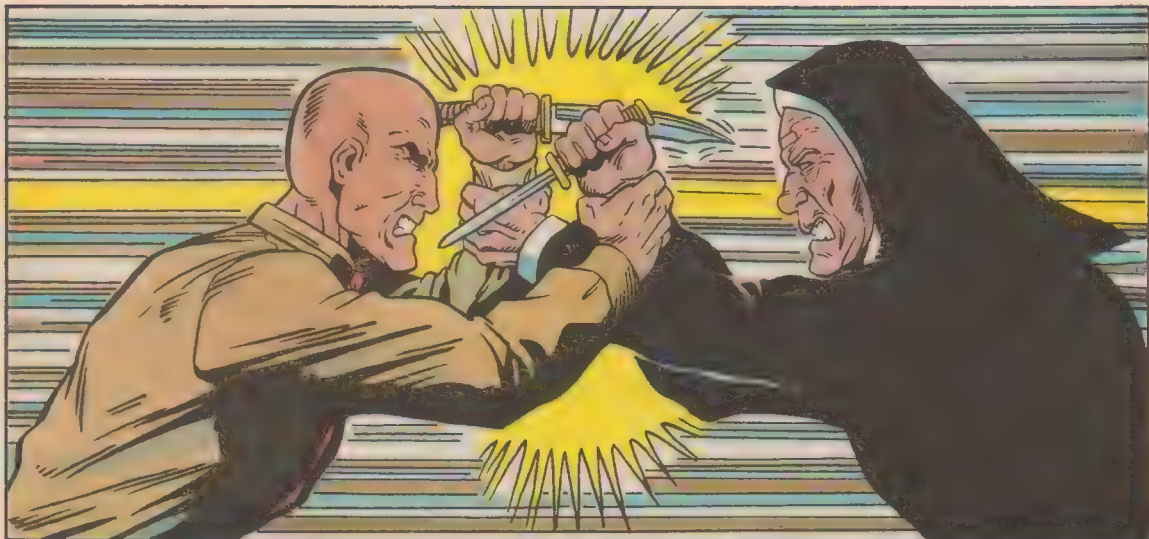


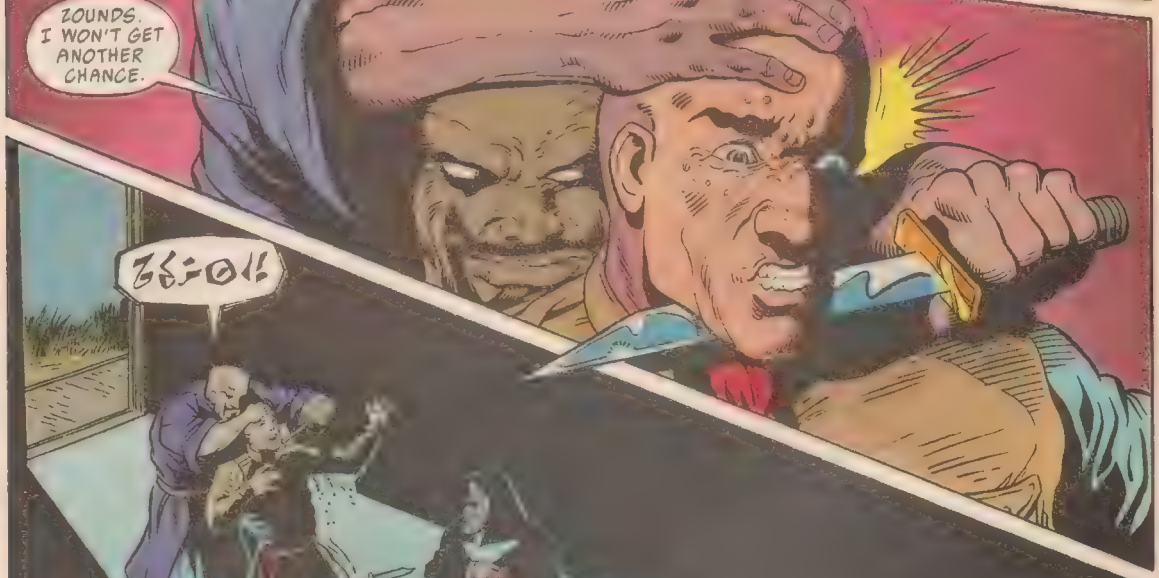
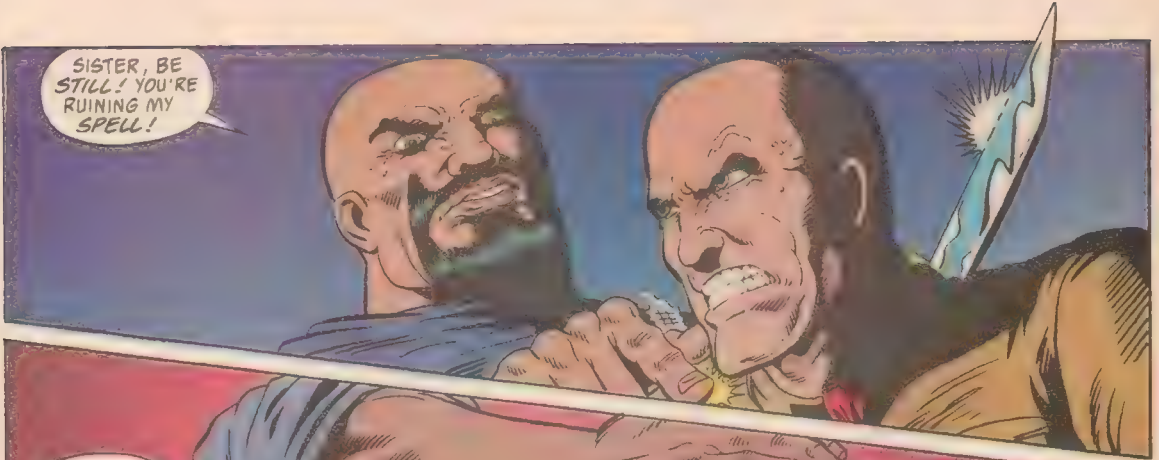


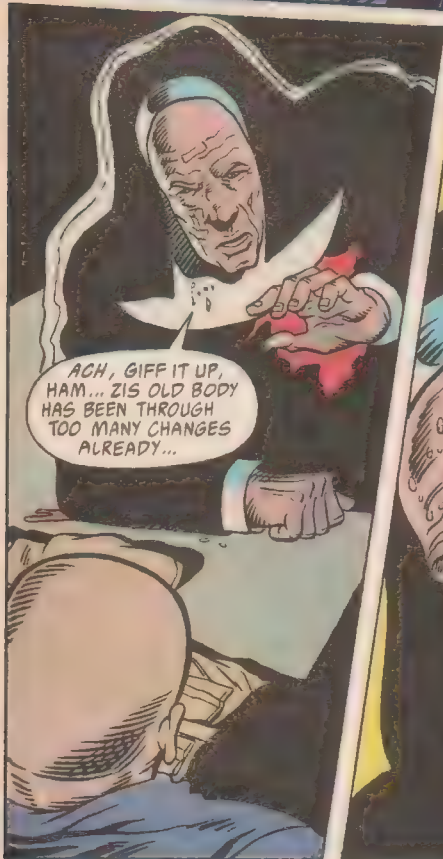
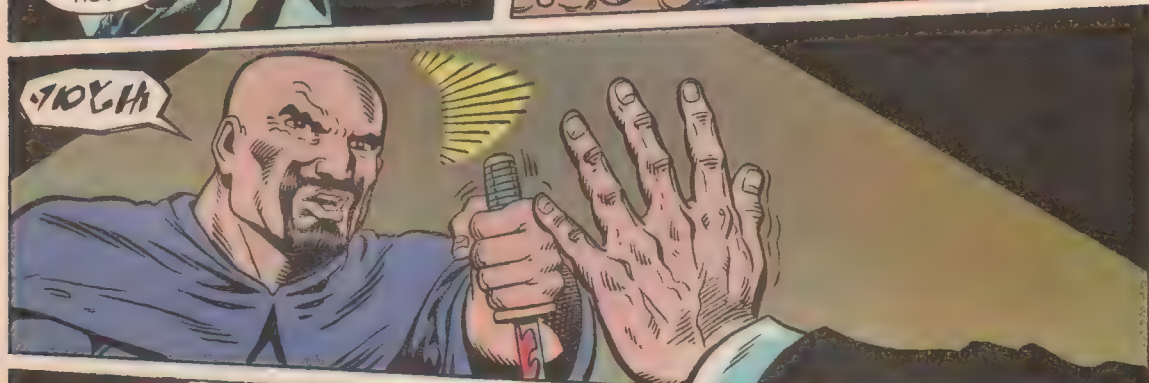
I CAN HEAR
YOU **BREATHING**,
OLD MAN. I COULD
SHOOT YOU DOWN,
BUT NO...

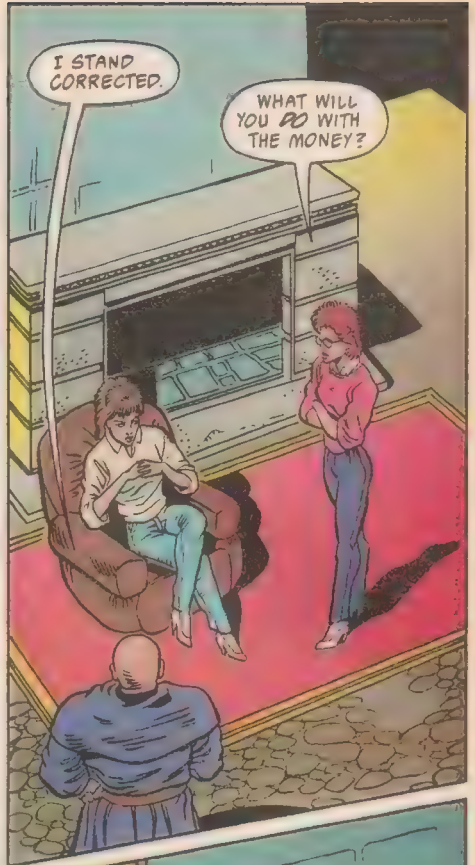
I DON'T NEED
A PISTOL. AND SO
WE TRY IT ONCE
AGAIN, **WITHOUT**
THE ISRAELIS...











Dear LARRY,:

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL
60610

Please note: The first astute reader who notices the editor of this column now actually is named Larry, and who writes us a snotty letter about it, will receive a smack on the head.

— Ed.

Dear Larry,

Zeck covers. Rank! Baron stories. Totally awesome! Lim pencils. Geldhof inks. Double Whammy! Oakley letters. Murtaugh colors. YeeHah!

"Dire Wolf" Awool "What?" "I don't like your face" "What?!" Let's have more slimeballs get WAPPED and CRUNCHED.

Plus more martial art weapons (even more unique ones please), more Indian legends and landscapes. Pages 22-23. Vicious indeed! I'm sure Ham would agree.

On to Badger #37. Hahaha Yukyukyuk. What a laugh! A buffalo with a perm? Snortsnort! Calm down Lamont, only teasing, you know.

I just looved the back-up, and I agree if I had seen a clown littering (even Ronald MacDonald) I'd give him a good thrashing, too. Keep up the superfantasticastounding-astronomical WORK.

P.S. Try twisting your tongue saying that 10 times fast. I did and that's why I'm writing to you instead of phoning you.

Litterbugs everywhere, beware,

Victor Lau
The Canadian Composer
110 Dale Cr.
Regina, Sask.
Canada

Whatever, Victor. Just so long as you keep writing, and not phoning.

Dear Badgerians,

I don't know *why*, but I *liked it!* Yes, I'm talking about #37!

Well, maybe I do know why I liked it — sort of, anyway!

Maybe it was the thrill of seeing a huge animal lay waste to an upscale shopping mall. Maybe it was the chic appearance of Lamont. (You gotta admit — you don't see such a fine-looking and well made-up buffalo just every day of the week!) Maybe it was the sight of the bank-robbing buffalo-jacket-wearing thug getting chased around the mall and smashed through windows and so on.

Anyway, it was good, clean, weird, bizarre fun — the type of fun that you don't usually find in comicdom, let alone in what I still insist on calling The Real World.

I must question, however, the way in which Jon Falling Light won his bet with the Badger. He said that the

buffalo would bowl a perfect 300 game. All the buffalo actually did was to bowl over four bank robbers. Hey, I though you Yankees played *ten-pin* down there! Even up here in the Nutty North we only get it down as far as *five-pin*. But *FOUR-pin*! That's a new one on me.

And say, do Texas Rangers *really* ride horses through shopping malls?! And finally, where did Lamont get those skates on page 9? This was not only bizarre but seemingly utterly impossible.

Or did I miss some Metaphorical Truth that was intertwined with this amazing incident?

I also enjoyed the "Baron" story! It was great to see an actual day in the actual life of our favorite comics scripter in all of Wisconsin! I also really liked the fact that when Badger accused a "clown" of littering, he was talking about an *actual clown*! (Well, I thought it was funny!)

But most of all, I enjoyed the story because it didn't have Clonezone in it! Let's see more of these wonderful non-Clonezone stories! In fact, I'd even like to see the return of Boomtown, er, Doomtown, Goontown, ah, Moontown, um, Junetown... Noontown? Loontown? Tunetown? Tombtown? Whatever. I mean, I really like it! More

"(A buffalo on ice skates) was not only bizarre but seemingly utterly impossible. Or did I miss some Metaphorical Truth that was intertwined with this amazing incident?"

than Clonezone, that's for sure!

P.S. Zoomtown! That's it! (Right?)

T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, Ontario
Canada M9L 2R9

We like to see that you're asking questions, T.M., because it shows that you're thinking. But we also think you're right; those seeming inconsistencies are probably part of some larger metaphorical truth we cannot possibly understand.

Dear Rick,
Re: Badger #37
This is just getting too silly.

Christopher Romano
Pacific Palisades, CA

Yo, Larry!

Buffalos in a shopping mall? Mounted Texas Rangers giving chase to above buffalo through above shopping mall?? A strange guy in a mask and superhero outfit chasing after the above aboves??? !! This can only happen in Badger!

The specific Badger is, of course, the hilarious #37 which had to be the funniest comic I've read in a year. Lines such as "Sir, you can't

run through here! And neither can that buffalo!," and "Tuck and roll! Tuck and roll! Perfect! That's a ten!" had me howling my old lycanthropic lungs out. This is entertainment! The panel where Lamont gave the rangers a raspberry before taking off on the ice skates is a classic. Badger is obviously a bad influence on the boy and we can only hope he continues to be!

You've got a real hit here. The only thing that could make the book any better would be a confrontation between Badger and Richard Eagle and that's not likely, it is? Other than that, if you keep turning them out like #37 I'll keep buying. Deal? Ok? Ok.

Jimmy M. Hines
P.O. Drawer 1597
West Monroe, LA 71295

Dear Larry,

I am writing to protest the fact that for the last few months First's best series has been missing from First's best comic. Sorry, Norbert; while I will admit that Badger was First's best even when Clonezone appeared in one of First's lesser titles, I believe that the lead feature in this case has of late been only a close second to the back-up. If the idea is to have no back-up, or an uninspired back-up

feature as in #37, to make the lead feature look even better by comparison, we might as well have Zoomtown or, just as good, blank pages.

Please give Clonezone eight pages in the back of Badger, sixteen pages in the front of Nexus, or his own ongoing series.

James Elwyn Hinds
805 Hoover
Jonesboro, AR 72401

Be careful what you wish for, Jimmy.



NEXT ISSUE: Badger always thought the story of Paul Bunyan and his blue ox, Babe, were just a "Tall Tale" — until he met them. By Mike Baron and Ron Lim.

— Larry Doyle



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